

"The Fringes of the Fleet."

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1.

The Lowestoft Boat.

(A Chanty.)

Words by
RUDYARD KIPLING.

Music by
EDWARD ELGAR.

Allegro. (♩ = 120)

VOICE.

PIANO.

f con spirito

mf

1. In Low - es - toft a boat was laid,

p

p più lento

Mark well what I do say! And

mf a tempo

p colla parte

mf a tempo

The words of this Song are reprinted from M^r Kipling's "The Fringes of the Fleet" by permission of the Author.

she was built for the her - ring trade. But

rit.

colla parte

she has gone a - rov - in', a - rov - in',

a tempo

dolce (slyly)

p

p

*La. * La. * La. * La. **

rov - in', The Lord knows where!

cresc.

(CHORUS.)

allargando

cresc.

f

colla parte

sf

a tempo

giocoso

*La. * La. **

(SOLO.) *mf*

2. They

gave her Gov-ern - ment coal to burn, And a

Q. F. gun at bow and stern, And

rit.

sent her out a - rov - in', a - rov - in',

a tempo

p

rov - in', The Lord knows where! _____

cresc.

(CHORUS) allargando

cresc.

f

colla parte

sf a tempo

(SOLO.)

★ 3. Her skipper was mate of a buck-o ship Which al - ways killed one
 4. Her mate was skipper of a chap-el in Wales, And so he fights in
 5. Her en - gin - eer is fif - ty - eight, So he's pre - pared to
 6. Her lead - ing - sto - ker's sev - en - teen, So he don't know what the

rit.

man per trip, So he is used to rov - in', a - rov - in',
 top-per and tails, Re - lig - i - ous tho' rov - in', a - rov - in',
 meet his fate, Which ain't un - like ly rov - in', a - rov - in',
 Judg - ments mean, Un - less he cops 'em rov - in', a - rov - in',

(CHORUS.) *allargando*

rov - in', The Lord knows where!

(SOLO.)

7. Her cook was chef in the Lost Dogs' Home,

* In these four stanzas (any of which may be omitted) the tune should be freely adapted, syllabically, to the lilt of the words.

distinto *f*

Mark well what I do say! And I'm sor - ry for Fritz when they

f *Red.* *

f *repeat in Chorus.* *ff*

all come A - rov - in', a - rov - in', a - roar - in',

ff

(SOLO.) *largamente* (CHORUS.) *allargando*

Round the North Sea_ rov - in', The Lord knows where!_

sf colla parte sf sf a tempo

Lento ad lib. with conviction (or spoken). *p*

The Lord knows where!

Fine.

Fate's Discourtesy.

Be well assured that on our side
Our challenged ocean's fight,
Though headlong wind and heaping tide
Make us their sport to-night.
Through force of weather, not of war,
In jeopardy we steer.
Then, welcome Fate's discourtesy
Whereby it shall appear
How in all time of our distress
As in our triumph too,
The game is more than the player of the game,
And the ship is more than the crew!

Be well assured, though wave and wind
Have mightier blows in store,
That we who keep the watch assigned
Must stand to it the more;
And as our streaming bows dismiss
Each billow's baulked career,
Sing, welcome Fate's discourtesy
Whereby it is made clear
How in all time of our distress
As in our triumph too,
The game is more than the player of the game,
And the ship is more than the crew!

Be well assured, though in our power
Is nothing left to give
But time and place to meet the hour
And leave to strive to live,
Till these dissolve our Order holds,
Our Service binds us here.
Then, welcome Fate's discourtesy
Whereby it is made clear
How in all time of our distress
And our deliverance too,
The game is more than the player of the game,
And the ship is more than the crew!

"The Fringes of the Fleet."

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2.

Fate's Discourtesy.

Song.

Words by
RUDYARD KIPLING.

Music by
EDWARD ELGAR.

Allegretto. (♩ = 80)

PIANO.

sonore

f *Quasi recit. ad lib.*

Be well as-sured that

f *colla parte*

on our side Our chal-lenged o - ceans fight, Though head - long wind and

heap - ing tide Make us their sport to - night. Through force of wea - ther,

not of war, In jeo-par-dy we steer.— Then, wel-come Fate's dis-

rit. *p*

colla parte *p*

-cour-te-sy Where-by it shall ap-pear How in all time of

sostenuto *mf*

mf

our dis-tress As— in our tri-umph too, The game is more than the

f *risoluto*

f

play-er of the game And the ship is more than the crew, The

(CHORUS.) *ff*

ff

allargando

game is more than the play-er of the game And the ship is more than the crew!—

allargando

mf

Be well as-sured, though

mf a tempo

mf colla parte

wave and wind Have might-ier blows in store, That we who keep the watch as-signed Must

stand to it the more; And as our streaming bows dis-miss Each bil-low's baulked ca - reer,—

colla parte

a tempo *p* *mf*

Sing, wel-come Fate's dis - cour - te - sy Where - by it is made clear How

sostenuto *frisoluto*

in all time of our dis-tress As— in our tri-umph too, The

(CHORUS) *ff*

game is more than the play-er of the game And the ship is more than the crew, The

allargando

game is more than the play-er of the game, And the ship is more than the crew! —

f a tempo

Be well as-sured, though in our pow'r Is no-thing left to give But

f colla parte

time and place to meet the hour, And leave to strive to live, Till

mf

marcato

these dis-solve our Or-der holds, Our Ser-vice binds us here.

colla parte

p

Then, wel-come Fate's dis - cour - te - sy Where - by it is made clear How

p

sostenuto *frisoluto*

in all time of our dis-tress As_ in our tri-umph too, The

f

(CHORUS) *ff*

game is more than the play-er of the game And the ship is more than the crew, The

f *ff*

allargando

game is more than the play-er of the game And the ship is more than the crew!

f *

Submarines.

The ships destroy us above
And ensnare us beneath,
We arise, we lie down, and we move
In the belly of Death.

The ships have a thousand eyes
To mark where we come...
And the mirth of a seaport dies
When our blow gets home.

"The Fringes of the Fleet."

3.

Submarines.

Song.

Words by
RUDYARD KIPLING.

Music by
EDWARD ELGAR

Lento. (♩ = 68.)

VOICE.

PIANO.

p

The

ships des - troy us a - bove And en -

- snare us be - neath. We

pp

pp

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ad lib. , *a tempo*

rise, we lie down, and we move In the

colla parte *tr* *a tempo* *tr*

poco più animato
cresc.

bel - - ly of death. The

tr *tr*

allargando *a tempo* *p*

ships have a thou - sand eyes To

sf *p* *tr*

cresc.

mark where we come, And the mirth of a sea - port

tr *tr* *cresc.*

f *stringendo* *ff* *rit.* *al dim.*

dies. When our

f *stringendo* *rit.* *p* *al*

Tempo I. *p* *pp* *pp*

blow gets home. We

Tempo I. *p* *pp*

ad lib. ,

rise, we lie down, and we move In the bel - ly of

colla parte *tr*

death.

pp *tr* *dim.* *rit.* *ppp*

The Sweepers.

Dawn off the Foreland— the young flood making
Jumbled and short and steep—
Black in the hollows and bright where it's breaking—
Awkward water to sweep.
"Mines reported in the fairway,
Warn all traffic and detain.
'Sent up Unity, Claribel, Assyrian,
Stormcock and Golden Gain.'

Noon off the Foreland— the first ebb making
Lumpy and strong in the bight.
Boom after boom, and the golf-hut shaking
And the jackdaws wild with fright!
"Mines located in the fairway,
Boats now working up the chain.
Sweepers - Unity, Claribel, Assyrian,
Stormcock and Golden Gain.'

Dusk off the Foreland— the last light going
And the traffic crowding through,
And five damned trawlers with their syreens blowing
Heading the whole review!
"Sweep completed in the fairway,
No more mines remain.
'Sent back Unity, Claribel, Assyrian
Stormcock and Golden Gain.'

"The Fringes of the Fleet."

4.

The Sweepers.

Song.

Words by
RUDYARD KIPLING.

Music by
EDWARD ELGAR.

VOICE.

PIANO.

Moderato. (♩ = circa 80.)

f risoluto

Lento.
f Quasi recit.

a tempo

rit.

Dawn off the Fore - land — the young flood mak-ing Jum-bled and short and steep—

f colla parte

mf a tempo

rit.

f a tempo

poco rit.

Black in the hol-lows and bright where it's break-ing— Awk-ward wa - ter to sweep.

f

con sed.

Lento.
p remote but distinctly
Recit.

"Mines re - port - ed in the fair - way,

p colla parte

cresc. Warn all traf - fic and de - tain. *accel.*

cresc. *accel.*

a tempo
frisoluto 'Sent up Un - i - ty, Clar - i - bel, As - sy - ri - an, Storm-cock and Gold - en Gain." *allargando*

(CHORUS.)
ff "Sent up Un - i - ty, Clar - i - bel, As - sy - ri - an, Storm - cock and Gold - en Gain"

f *Quasi recit.* *a tempo*

Noon off the Fore - land - the first ebb mak - ing

f *colla parte* *mf* *a tempo*

rit. *f* *a tempo*

Lump - y and strong in the bight. Boom af - ter boom, and the golf - hut shak - ing And the

rit. *f*

poco rit. *Lento.* *p* *remote but distinctly.* *Recit.*

jack - daws wild with fright! "Mines lo - ca - ted in the fair - way,

p *colla parte*

cresc. *accel.*

Boats now work - ing up the chain.

cresc. *accel.*

f a tempo risoluto

Sweep - ers - Un - i - ty, Clar - i - bel, As - sy - ri - an,

f a tempo

(CHORUS.)

Storm-cock and Gold - en Gain' "Sweep - ers - Un - i - ty, Clar - i - bel, As - sy - ri - an,

f a tempo

Lento. p Quasi recit.

Storm - cock and Gold - en Gain' Dusk off the Fore - land -

p colla parte

a tempo cresc. f ff

the last light go-ing And the traf-fic crowd-ing through, And

mf f ff

distinctly *poco rit.* *Repeat in Chorus.*

five damned trawl-ers with their sy - reens blow-ing Head-ing the whole re - view!

colla parte

f *Lento. Recit.*

"Sweep com-plet-ed in the fair - way, No more mines re-main.

f colla parte

ff *a tempo*

'Sent back Un-i - ty, Clar-i - bel, As-sy - ri - an, Storm-cock and Gold-en Gain'

ff

(CHORUS.)

"Sent back Un-i - ty, Clar-i - bel, As-sy - ri - an, Storm-cock and Gold - en Gain'

fff *rit.*

Red. *